aduersaries: admonish one another with al gẽ
clenes, correct al blasphemies, vices, & imper-
fections, which raigne yet in the middest of vs, &
thorough you the name of God be not blaspheme
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he will rayse you vp, glorifie him, and he will
glorifie you, humble your selues, and hee will
exalt you, exhort one another, and waxe not
cold, be not weary of wel doing, resist not those
that walke well, but support the weake, enco-
[illegible] hard that
[illegible] that they
[illegible] haue ob-
[illegible] ace shall
[illegible] you to the ende, &
will not suffer you to be tempted further then
you be able to beare: but will giue good issue,
to all your temptations and troubles, to the
glory of his holie name, and saluation of our
owne soules: to whome onely bee
all honour and glorye, nowe
and for euer.
Amen.

1 2 3 4 5
BRITISH 1 MUSEUM 2

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1 2 3 4 5
BRITISH 1 MUSEUM 2

An exposition after the maner of a contemplacyon vpon ỹ .li. psalme called Miserere mei Deus.

Las wretche that I am/ comfortlesse & forsaken of all men/ which haue offended both heuen and earth. whether shall I go? or whether shall I turne me? To whom shall I flye for socoure? Who shall haue pytye or compassyon on me? vnto heuē dare I not lifte vp myne eyes/ for I haue greuously synned agaynst it. And in ỹ earthe can I fynde no place of defence/ for I haue bene noysom vnto it. What shall I nowe do? shall I despayre? God forbyd. full mercyfull is god/ and my sauiour is meke & louyng/ therfore only God is my refuge he wyll not despyse his creature neither forsake his owne ymage. Vnto the therfore most meke & mercyfull god come I all sad & sorowfull for ỹ onely art my hope/ & thou art onely the coure of my defence. But what shall I say vnto ỹ/ syth I dare not lyft vp myne eyes? I wyll gather oute ỹ wordes of sorowe/ I wyll [illegible]

for mercye & wyll saye. Haue mercy vpon me (oh god) accordynge to thy greate mercye.

¶ God whiche dwellest in lyghte ẏ no man can attayne/ God whiche art hid & canst not be sene w̄ bodely eyes/ nor comprehended w̄ ony vnderstōdynge ẏ euer was made/nether expressed with ẏ tongues of men or angels. My God / ẏ which art incōprehensible do I seke/ ẏ which canst not be expressed do I call vpon what thinge so euer ẏ art/which art in euery place. I knowe that ẏ art ẏ most hye & excellēt thyng/ yf ẏ be a thynge/ & not rather ẏ cause of all thynge/ yf I may so call the\ for I fynde no name by ẏ whiche I maye name or expresse thyne inenarrable maiestie. God (I saye) whiche art all thynges ẏ are in the/ for ẏ art euen thyne owne wysdō/ thy power & thy moste glorioulse felycyte. Seynge therfore ẏ thou art mercyfull/ what art thou but euen ẏ very mercy it selfe? And what am I/ but very myserye? Beholde therfore o god whiche art mercye/ beholde myserye is before the/ what shalt ẏ do mercye? truely thy worke/ cāst thou do otherwyse then thy nature is? And what is thy worke verely to take awaye mysery/ & to lyfte vp them ẏ are in wretched condicyon/ therfore haue mercy on me oh god. God I saye/ whiche art mercye take awaye my mise

ry/

ey/take awaye my synnes/for they are myne extreme miserye. Lyfte vp me which am so miserable/ shew thy worke in me & exercyse thy power vpon me. One depth requireth a nother\ ỳ depthe of myserye requireth ỳ depthe of mercye. The depthe of synne axeth ỳ depthe of grace & fauoure. Greater is ỳ depthe of mercy then ỳ depthe of miserye. Let therfore ỳ one depth swalow vp the other. Let ỳ botõlesse depthe of mercye swalow vp the profounde depthe of myserye.

Haue mercy on me oh God accordíng to thy greate mercye. Not after ỳ mercye of men which is but small/ but after thine owne mercye whiche is greate/ which is vnmesurable/ which is incõprehẽsible/ which passeth all synnes without comparison. Accordynge to that thy greate mercy wt ỳ whiche thou hast so loued ỳ world/ ỳ thou woldest geue thyne only sonne. what mercye can be greater? what loue can be more. Who can despayre? who shulde not haue good confidence? God was made man & crucyfied for men. Therfore haue mercye on me oh god accordynge to this thy greate mercye by the whiche ỳ hast geuẽ thy sonne for vs/ by whiche (throughe hym) ỳ haste taken awaye ỳ synne of ỳ worlde/ by whiche (through his crosse) thou haste lyghtened all

men/by whiche(through hym) thou hast re-
dressed all thynges in heuen & erth. Wash me
(oh lorde) in his bloude/lyghtē me in his hu-
milite/redresse me in his resurrection. Haue
mercye on me oh god not after thy small mer
cy\for ꝑ is but thy small mercy(in cōparison)
when ꝑ helpest men of theyr bodely euylles/
but it is greate when thou forgeuest synnes/&
dost eleuate men by thy fauoure/aboue ꝑ top
pe of ꝑ erth. Euen so Lorde haue mercye on
me accordinge to this thy greate mercye/that
ꝑ turne me vnto the/ꝑ ꝑ put out my synnes/&
ꝑ thou iustefie me by thy grace & fauoure.

And accordinge to the multitude of thy com
passions wype awaye myne iniquyte.

Thy mercy lorde is the habundaūce of thy
pytye\by ꝑ whiche thou lokest gentely on ꝑ
poore & wretched. Thy cōpassions are ꝑ wor-
kes/& processes of thy mercy. Marie Magda
lene came vnto thy fete/good Jesu/ she was-
shed thē wt her teares & wypped thē wt her he-
re/ thou forgauest her & sendest her awaye in
peace/ this was Lorde one of thy cōpassions.
Petre denyed the & forsoke the wt an othe/ ꝑ
lokedste vpon hym & he wepte bitterly/thou
forgauest hym & madeste hym one of ꝑ chyef
amonge thyne Apostles/this was lorde a no
ther of thy compassiōs. The theefe on ꝑ crosse
was

was saued w̄ one worde. Paule in ꝑ furious wodnes of his persecutiō was called & by & by sulfylled w̄ ꝑ holy ghoste / these are lorde thy compassions. The tyme shulde fayle me yf I sholde numbre all thy merciable compassions for loke how many ryghtwyse men there be / & so many ar thy godly compassions. There is none that can glorye in hym selfe. Let them all come that ar ryghtwyse other in erth / or in heauē / & let vs axe thē before ꝑ whether they be saued by theyr owne power and vertue. And surely all they wyll answere w̄ one herte & one mouthe sayenge Not vnto vs Lorde not vnto vs / but vnto thy name geue all ꝑ prayse / for thy mercy & for thy truthes sake. For they in theyr owne swerde possessed not the lande / & theyr owne arme or power saued them not / but thy right hande & thyne arme & the lyghtīng of thy countenaūce for thou delytedste in thē / ꝑ is / they are not saued for theyr owne deseruinges / lest ony man shold boste himselfe but because it pleased the so to be. whiche thynge ꝑ prophet doth also more expressye witnesse of the when he sayth: he saued me because he wolde haue me. Sith therfore that thou art the same god with whom is no alteration or variablenesse / neyther art thou chaūged vnto darkenesse: and we thy creatures as well as

our fathers whiche were borne vnder cõcupiſcence ſynners as well as we\and ſyth there is but one mediator & atonemẽte betweene god & man that is Chriſt Jeſus which endureth for euer/ why doſte thou not poure on thy plentuous compaſſions vpon vs/as well as thou dideſt vpon our fathers: haſt thou forgotẽ vs or are we only ſynners: dyd not Chriſte dye for vs: Are all thy mercies ſpent & none lefte:

O Lorde our God I deſyre & hertely beſeche the/ to put out myne iniquite accordyng vnto the multitude of thy compaſſions. For many ys infinite ar thy cõpaſſions/ that accordinge (I ſaye) to the multitude of thy cõpaſſions ỹ vouchſafte to quench my ſynne: that as thou haſt drawen & receyued innumerable ſynners & haſte made them ryghtuous/ euen ſo ỹ thou wylte drawe & take me & make me ryghtuyſe througe thy grace and fauour/ therfore accordynge to the multytude of thy compaſſions/ wype awaye myne iniquyte. Cleanſe and purifye myne herte that (after all myne iniquyte is put out and all my vnclenneſſe cleanſed) it maye be as a clene table in the whiche the fynger of God may wrote the lawe of his loue and charite with the whiche can none iniquite continue.

Per

Yet washe me more from myne iniquite, and clense me from my synne.

I graunte & knowlege oh Lorde thou hast ones put out myne iniquite thou hast put it out agayne & haste washed me a thousande tymes/how be it yet washe me frō myne iniquite/for I am fallen agayne. Doste thou vse to spare a synfull man vntyll a certeyne numbre of his synne/whiche when Peter enquyred/ how oftē shall my brother offende agaynst me & I shall forgyue hym/whether seuen tymes? thou answeredste: I saye not seuen tymes but seuētye tymes seuen tymes takynge that certeyne numbre for an infinite numbre. Sith then that a man must forgeue so often shalt thou in pardonyng and forgeuenes be passed of a man? is not God more then man? ye rather God is the great lorde/& euery man lyuyng is nothynge but all vanyte. And only god is good and euery man a lyar/ hast thou not sayed. In what houre so euer the synner doth repent I wyll not remembre any of his iniquyties? Beholde I a synner do repente and morne for myne olde preuy sores festred within/& now ar they broken forth for myne owne folyshnesse. I am depressed and sore broken/I walke in continuall mournynge/I am feble and very weake/I roored for the sorowe

of myne herte. Lorde all my deſyres are before the & my ſorowfull ſyghes ar not vnknowne vnto the. Myne herte trembleth & panteth for ſorow/ my ſtrēgth fayleth me and euen ẏ very ſyghte of myne iyes ceaſe from theyr office. Wherfore then oh Lorde doſte thou not put awaye myne iniquite? And yf thou put it out accordinge to the multytude of thy mercyes/ yet waſhe me from myne iniquite. For yet am I not perfeytly purefyed/ finiſſhe thy worke/ take awaye the hole offence & alſo the payne that is due vnto ẏ crime/ encreaſe thy lyght ẇ in me. Kendle myne herte with thy loue & cherite/ put out al feare/ for perfayte loue ſendeth awaye feare. Let the loue of the worlde/ ẏ loue of the fleſſhe/ the loue of vayne glorye/ & ẏ loue of my ſelfe vtterly departe fro me/ yet ſtyll more & more waſh me from myne iniquite by the which I haue offended agaynſt my neighbour and clenſe me from my ſynne that I haue committed agaynſt god. I wolde haue ẏ put away not only the faute & payne that foloweth it/ but alſo the occaſion & nouryſhment of ſynne. Waſhe me I ſaye with the water of thy gracyous fauoure/ with water of which he that drinketh ſhall not thyrſt for euer/ but it ſhall be made in hym a fontayne of lyuynge water runnynge in to euer laſtynge lyfe. Waſhe me

with

with the comfortable waters of thy holye scri-
ptures that I maye be numbred among them
vnto whom thou saydest. Now are ye clene for
my wordes which I haue spoken vnto you.
Johñ. xiij.

For I knowlege myne iniquyte, and my syn-
ne is euer before myne eyes

Although through ỳ beholding of thy mer
cy and cõpassions I may be bolde to flye vnto
the oh lorde\yet wyll I not come as ỳ Phari
se whiche prayed not/but rather praysed hym
selfe/& despised his neighboure/ but I come
vnto the as the publican Lu. xviij. which durst
not lyfte vp his iyes vnto heauen. For I also
do knowlege myne iniquite/& whyles I pon-
dre my synnes I dare not lyfte vp myne iyes/
but humbelynge my selfe with the publicane
I saye: God be mercyfull to me a synner. My
soule wauereth betwene hope & feare & somty
me for the feare of my synnes (whiche I feale
& knowlege to be in me) I am ready to despay
re/somtyme throughe the hope of thy mercy/
I am lyfted vp & conforted. Neuertheiesse be-
cause that thy mercy is greater then my mise
ry I wyll euer lorde truste in the & wyll synge
oute thy plentuous compassions for euer. For
I knowe that thou desyrest not the deathe of
a synner/but rather that he were conuerted &

that

that he wolde knowlege his iniquites & forsake his synne / & so come to the þ he maye lyue.

¶ My god graunte me that I maye lyue in the / for I knowlege my wyckednesse / I know what a greuous burthen it is / how copious & how ieoperdious. I am not ignorannt of it / I hide it not but set it euen before myne eyes / þ I maye washe it with my teares and knowlege vnto þ Lorde myne vnryghtwysnesse agaynste my selfe. And also my synne which I haue proudly done agaynste the / is euer agaynst me: and therfore it is agaynste me / because I haue synned agaynst the: & it is truly against me / for it is euen against my soule / & accuseth me euer before the my iudge & condempneth me euer & in euery place: and it is so agaynste me that it is euer before my face / & stondeth but agaynst me that my prayer maye not perce through vnto the / that it myght take thy mercy fro me / & hynder thy mercye that it can not come at me: therfore do I tremble and therfore do I morne beseechyng thy mercy. Therfore (oh Lorde) as thou hast gyuen this grace vnto me to knowe my wickednesse and to bewayle my synne: euē so accomplysh this thy beneuolence gyuynge me a perfayte fayth / & drawynge me vnto thy sonne which hath made a full satisfaction for all my synnes. Geue me Lorde this precious

gyfts

gyfte for euery good gyfte/and euery parfeyte gyfte is from aboue comyng from the father of lyght.

Against the only haue I synned, and haue done that which is euyll in thy syght, that thou mayst be iustefied in thy wordes, and mayst haue the victorie when thou art iudged.

¶ I haue ouermoch sinned vnto the alone\ for thou cõmaundedst me that I sholde loue ꝑ for thy selfe/& sholde loue al creatures for thy sake. But I haue loued a creature more then the/ louynge it euẽ for it selfe. What is synne/but to loue a creature for it selfe? & what is that/ but to do agaynst the? Surely he that loueth a creature for it selfe maketh that creature his God. And therfore haue I synned agaynste ꝑ onely/for I haue made a creature my god. So haue I caste the awaye/and haue ben iniurious only to the/for I haue not offended agaynste ony creature in that I haue set my truste or confidence in it. For it was not cõmaunded me that I sholde loue ouy creature for it selfe. Yf thou haddest cõmaunded me ꝑ I sholde haue loued an aungell onely for hym selfe/and I had loued mony for it selfe/ then no doubte I had offended agaynst the aungell. But syth ꝑ thou only art to be loued for thy selfe (ꝑ is to say without ony respect other of good or euyl)

and

& euery creature is to be loued in the & for thy sake. Therfore haue I surely offended onely agaynst the\ for I haue loued a creature for it selfe.

¶ But yet haue I worse done/for I haue synned euen in thy syght. I was nothing ashamed to synne before thy face. Oh mercifull god how many synnes haue I done in thy syght/ which I wolde in no wyse haue done before mortal mē/yea ꝑ I wolde not in ony case that men sholde knowe I feared men more then ꝑ for I was blinde & loued blyndnes\ & so did I nether se nor ones cōsidre the. I had only flesh ly eyes/therfore did I only feare ꝑ loke on mē whiche are flesh. But thou lokedst on all my synnes & numbred them/therfore I can nether hyde them from the\ nether turne my backe & flye from thy face.

¶ Whether shall I go from thy spirite & whether shall I flye from thy face? what shall I thē do? whether shall I turne me? whome shall I synde to be my defender? whō I praye you but the my god? who is so good? who is so gētle who is so mercyfull? for thou passest without comparison all creatures in gentlenesse. It is one of thy chyefest propertyes to forgeue & be mercifull/for throughe mercy and forgeuenesse thou dost most declare thy almyghtynesse.

I gr

I graũt lorde ẏ I haue offended only agaynst the/and haue done that whiche is euyl in thy syght. Haue mercy therfore on me and expresse thy puyssaunce in me ẏ thou mayst be iustified in thy wordes/for thou hast sayde: that thou camest not to call ẏ rightwise/but synners vnto repentaũce. Iustefie me lorde accordyng to thy wordes: call me\receyue me/and gyue me grace to do true workes of repentaunce. For this cause wast thou crucyfied\deade and buryed. Thou saydest also: Johñ. iij. when I am lyfted vp from of the earth/I wyll drawe all vnto my selfe. verefie thy wordes/draw me after ẏ let vs/runne to gether in the swetenesse of thyne oyntmentes. Besydes that thou saydeste Math. xi. Come vnto me all ye ẏ laboure and are laden/and I wyl ease you. Loo I come vnto the laden with synnes/labourynge day and nyght in the sorow of myne harte refresh and ease me lorde that thou mayste be iustefied and proued true in thy wordes/& mayste ouercome when thou art iudged/for there are manye that saye: he shall haue no socoure of his god. God hath forsaken hym. Ouercome lorde these parsones when thou arte thus iudged of them and forsake me not at any tyme. Gyue me thy mercye and holesome socoure/& then are they vaynqueshed.

¶ Th

¶ They saye/ þ thou wylt haue no mercye on me/ & þ thou wilte cast me clene out of thy fauoure & no more receyue me. thus art þ iudged of men/ and thus do men speake of the/ these are theyr determinacions/ but thou why che arte meke & mercyfull haue mercy on me and ouercome theyr iudgementes/ shewe thy mercy on me & let thy godlye pytye be prayed in me. Make me a vessell of thy mercye/ þ thou mayste be iustefied in thy woordes & haue the victorye when men do iudge the/ for men do iudge the to be fierce & inflexible. Ouercome theyr iudgement with meknes & benuolence/ so that men may learne to haue cõpassion on synners/ and that malefactours may be enflamed vnto repentaunce/ sepnge in me thy pytye and mercye.

Lo I was fassheoned in wyckednes, and my mother conceiued me polured with synne.

¶ Beholde not lorde the greuousnes of my synnes/ consider not the multitude/ but loke mercifully on me whiche am thy creature. Remembre that I am dust/ & that all flesche is as wyther'd hay/ for lo I am fasshoned in wickednes & in synne hath my mother cõceiued me. My naturall mother (I saye) hath conceiued me of cõcupiscẽce/ & in hir am I polluted with originall synne. What is originall synne/ but

dydest promyse vnto Abraha a sonne when he was aged / thou fulfilledst thy promyse in olde and bareyn Sara / because thou louedst truth. Thou promisedst vnto the chyldren of Israell a lande that flowed with milke & honye / & at the last didest geue it thē for thy truthes sake. ¶ Thou madest a promyse to Dauid sayenge I shall set vp thy seate regall one of the frute of thy bodye. and it came euē to passe \ because thou woldest be founde true. There are other immetable promises in which thou hast euer bene faithfull / because thou louedst truthe. Thou haste promysed to synners which wyll come vnto the / forgyuenesse & fauour / & thou hast neuer defrauded man / for thou hast loued truthe. That vnthryfty Sonne Lu. xv. that toke his iourney in to a farre cōtre & wasted all his goodes with royatous lyuinge / when he came to hym selfe / he returned vnto the sayenge: Father I haue synned agaynst heuen & before the / now am I not worthye to be called thy sonne / make me as one of thy hyred seruauntes. When he was yet a greate waye of / thou sawest hym & haddest cōpassion on hym / & rannest vnto hym / fallynge vpon his necke / & kyssinge hym / thou broughtest forth the best garment / & puttest a ryng on his fynger / and shoes on his fete / thou kyllest that fatted

calfe / and madeſt all the houſe mery / ſayeng: Let vs eate & be mery / for this my ſonne was deade and is alyue agayne / he was loſt and is now founde.

¶ Why dydeſt thou all this Lorde god? ſure, lye becauſe thou louedſt truth. Loue therfore (O father of mercyes) this truthe in me / which returne vnto the from a far cuntre runne towardes me and geue me a kys of thy mouth / geue me thoſe cheſe garmentes / draw me in to thy houſe / kyll that fatted calfe that all which truſte in the maye reioyſe in me / and lette vs eate together in ſpiritual feaſtes. Oh Lorde wylte thou exclude me alone / and wylte thou not kepe this truth vnto me? yf thou ſhuldeſt loke narowly on our wyckednesſe / o Lorde. Lorde who myght abyde the? But Lorde thou wylte not be ſoo ſtraynte vnto vs / for thou loueſt truth: ye and that with a feruent & incomprehenſyble loue.

¶ Whiche is the truth that thou ſo loueſt? is it not thy ſonne that ſayde Johñ. xiiij. I am ye waye / truth / and lyfe? he is the very truthe / of whom all truthe is named in heauen and in earthe / this is it that thou haſte loued / & in it only haſte thou delyted for thou dydeſte fynde it pure & without ſpotte / & woldeſte that it ſhulde dye for ſinners. Kepe therfore (oh god)

this

this truthe / beholde I am a greate synner in whome thou mayste kepe it / to whome thou mayst forgeue many sinnes / whome thou mayste purifye in the bloude of thy Christe / and whome thou mayste redeme through his passyon / why (oh Lorde) hast thou geuē me this knowlege of thy lonue / and this fayth of hym? Because I sholde se my redempcyon & not to attayne it that I might by that meanes be the more vexed with sorowe? God forbyd. But rather that I maye perceyue the remissyon of my synnes purchased by Christs bloude / and so by his grace may obteyne it. Purge me therfore & redeme me oh Lorde (for þ hast vttered vnto me þ vnknowne & secret poyntes of thy wysdome) that this knowlege maye helpe me & bringe me vnto health / for truely þ philosophers neuer knewe these thinges / they were vnknowne vnto thē / yea & vtterly hyd frō them. And no man knewe these thynges (excepte a fewe whom þ louedst entyrely) before thy sonnes incarnacyō. ¶ The most curious serchers of the worlde (I meane the whyse men of this worlde) lyfted vp their eyes aboue heuē & yet coulde not fynde this thy wysdō / for þ hast hid these thinges from the wyse & prudente / & haste opened them vnto babes / that is / to hūble fyshers & thy holy prophetes which also haue

vttered them vnto vs. And so hast thou vttered the vnknowne and secrete thynges of thy wysdom & of thy scriptures vnto me/why do I knowe them in vayne? I knowe theym surely in vayne if thei profyt me not vnto myn helth & saluacion. For the philosophers when they knewe God by his meruelous creatures they glorified him not as God neither were thankefull/but vexed full of vanities in their imaginacyons and their folysshe hertes were blynded. Wher they counted them selues wyse/they became foles. Wylt thou suffer me Lorde to be of their numbre? God forbyd. For thou arte euen mercye it selfe which doth neuer vtterly forsake any man. Fauoure therfore Lorde/fauour/& spare thy seruaunt/& commaūde hym to be of the numbre of thy saues/that the vnknowne secretes of thy wysdom whiche thou hast opened to hym maye leade hym vnto ꝑ fountayne of wysdome whiche is on hye/that thou mayste be prayed in the worke of thy mercye/whiche thou doste exercyse towardes thy seruaunte (Lorde) whiche neuer forsakest them that trust in the.

Sprynkle me Lorde with ysope and so shall I be clene, thou shalt washe me, and then shall I be whyter then snowe.

Because Lorde that thou hast loued the

truthe

truthe/& haste opened vnto me the vnknowne secretes of thy wysdom/I am well counforted & I trust that thou wylt not cast me out of thy fauoure/but thou wylte sprynkle me with ysope and so shall I be clensed. Ysope is a lowe herbe/it is hote & of a good sauour/whiche signyfieth nothynge els/but thy onely sonne our lord Jesu Christ/which humbled hym self vnto deth; euen vnto ỹ deth of the crosse. Which with the hete of his feruent charite loued vs/ and washed vs from our synnes in his bloude. Which with the redolent sauoure of his benevolence & ryghtuousnes replenyshed the hole worlde. Therfore with this ysope shalte thou sprynkle me/ whē thou poureste vpon me the vertue of his bloude: when Christe thrughe fayth shall dwell in me: when thrughe lowe I am ioyned with hym: when I shall countrefayte his humilyte & passion/ then shall I be clensed frome all myne vnclēnes Then shalte thou washe me with myne owne teares which flowe out of the loue of Christ/ thē shall I sygh e vntyll I be werye/I shall water my bed euery nyght with my teares so that it shall swymme in them/and then shalte thou washe me and I shall be whytter then snowe.

¶ Snowe is whyte & colde/but Lorde yf thou sprynkle me with ysope/I shal be more whiter

then snowe/ for I shall be thrughly endued w thy splendēt lyght/ whiche passeth all bodelye wytnesse. And whē I am enflamed with that lyght/ I shall forsake all my carnall concupiscences/ colde vnto worldly thynges/ and enflamed vnto heuenly.

Vnto my hearynge shalte thou geue ioye and gladnes, and my brosed bones shal be refreshed.

¶ Then Lorde shall I pray vnto the/ erly (that is in the begynnyge of thy lyght) shalt thou heare my voyce & I shall heare what the lorde god shall speake in me/ for he shall speake peace for his people and shall geue me peace. Lorde thou shalte geue me peace/ for I haue trusted in the/ vnto my hearyng shalt thou geue ioy and glagdnesse/ when I shall heare that cōfortable wordes that Marie herde And what herde Marie (I speake of that Marie which sate at the fete of Iesus Mat. xxvi) what herde she? Thy fayth hath saued the/ go thy wayes in peace. Let me also heare that ẏ thefe herde: This daye shalte thou be with me in paradyse/ then shall I haue ioye for the remissyon of my synnes and gladnesse for thy bounteous and lyberall promyses/ shall I not reioyse and be glad/ whē thou shalt gyue me two folde for all my synnes? then shall I begynne to taste how swete the lorde is/ then shal I lerne to be

conuer

conuersant in heuenly thinges/and shall saye with the prophete: How great and copious is that sweetenesse Lorde which thou haste layde vppe for theym that feare the. Then shall I reioyse and be glad/and my broised bones shall be refreshed. What are the bones whiche sustayne the flesshe but the powers of our soule and reason that bete vp the frayltie of oure flesshe that he runne not hedlonge in to all vyces that a man fall not hole in to vanite and so consume awaye? These bones I saye are sore broised/for the reason is very weake/and the wyll is prone and ready to all myschyef/ for euen nowe the flesshe obeyeth not reason/but reason muste obaye the flesshe \ so that I can not resyst vyce/for my bones ar broised. And why are they broised? for they haue forsaken the/the fountaine of lyuyng water/and haue dygged for them selues cesterns full of chynnes/whiche can holde no waters/ for they are not fylled with thy grace.withoute whiche no man can lyue well/for without the/we can do nothynge. They trusted in theyr owne power which is no power/and therfore decayed they in theyr owne folysshnesses. Therfore let thy power come (oh Lorde) and then shall these broised bones be refreshed/let thy grace come and that fayth which worketh through loue.

Let thy powers & gyftes assyst me/ & then my broysed bones shall be refreshed/ for my reason shall be mercy/ my memorie glad & my wyll full of ioye. And thus shall thei all reioyse/ for aboue they? owne naturall strenghte/ when they goo aboute ony good worke they shall procede and prospere well/ neyther shall they leaue it vnperfeyte but through thy helpe shall they bringe it to good passe and effecte.

Turne thy face from of my sinnes, and wype awaye all my wyckednes.

Why lokest thou lorde vpon my synnes? why numbrest ỹ them? why considerest them so diligẽtlye? doste thou not knowe that man is euẽ as a floure of the felde. why doste thou not rather loke in ỹ face of thy Christe? Alas wretche that I am. why se I the angry against me? I graũt I haue synned/ howe be it for thy gentilnesse haue mercye on me. Turne thy face from of my synnes. Thy face is nothynge but thy knowlege/ turne awaye therfore thy knowlege from my synnes. I meane not that knowlege wherwith thou seest & perceyuest all thynges\ but that wherby thou approuest & disalowest all thinges/ wherbye thou alowest the workes of the ryghtwyse/ & condempnest the reprouable synnes of the wycked/ knowe not my synnes on that maner that ỹ woldest

impu

impute them vnto me and laye theym to my charge. But rather turne awaye thy face frome my synnes/ that throughe thy mercy they may be quenched/ Loke Lord on the creature whom thou haste wroughte/ loke vpon thine owne ymage/ for I poore wrethe haue put vpō me the ymage of the deuyll (that is synne) turne away thy face from the ymage of the deuyll & be not angry with me/ & beholde thyne owne ymage that ꝑ maist haue mercy on me.

¶ O mercyfull Lorde/ remembre that thou lokedste vpon Zacheum whiche dyd clym vp into a wylde figge tre to se the. Lu. xix. And ꝑ entredst in to his house whiche thou woldest neuer haue done if thou haddest loked on the ymage of ꝑ deuyll whiche he had put on hym\ but because thou sawest thyne owne ymage on hym/ thou haddest cōpassion on hym & healedst hym. He promysed to geue the halfe of his goodes to the poore/ & yf he had falsly deceyued ony man to restore it foure folde/ & he obtayned mercy & healthe. And I bequeth my selfe euen hole vnto the nothynge reserued. And promyse to serue the for euer with a pure herte/ & wyll fulfill my promyse all dayes of my lyfe. wherfore then Lorde dost thou not loke in thyne ymage in me also? why dost thou yet consydre my synnes? Turne I beseche the

thy

thy face from my synnes/and wype awaye all my wyckednes\ wype away all I praye the ỳ none remayne. For it is wryten/he ỳ kepeth the hole lawe and offendeth in one poynte is gylty in the hole/ that is to say/hath deserued dampnation/which is the payne of al synnes that leade vnto deathe. Put out therfore all my wyckednesse/that none offende ỳ/whyche sholde bryng me to condempnacyon.

A pure herte create in me oh god, and an vpryghte spiryte make a newe within me.

For my herte hath forsaken me and goeth astraye vtterly forgettyng his owe helthe/it is wandred in to straūge cuntres & ensueth vanities/& his eyes/are in that vtmust costes of the worlde. I called it agayne/but it answerd me not. It is gone/lost and solde vnder synne: what now lord: what shall I say: A pure hert create in me god/ an humble hert/ a curteous herte/a peaceable herte/a gentle herte/a deuout herte/such an herte as wyl nether do an other man hurte/nether yet auenge hym selfe when he is offended/but rather do good agaynst euyll/& suche an hert as wyll loue that abouc all thyng/which wyll thynke of the/speake of the/& thanke the/ which wyll delyte in hympnes & spirituall songes/& be hole conuersaunt in heuenly thyngs. Create this herte in

me

me (oh god) create it of no thyng / that it may be of suche effecacite through grace as nature is neuer able to make it. This grace cometh onely from the in to the soule through thy creacyon / it is the beautye of a pure herte / it draweth vnto him all vertue & expelleth al vyce / therfore create in me oh god a pure hert through thy grace / & make a newe an vpryght spirite in my bowels. For thy spirite shall leade me in to a ryghte waye / whiche shal purge me from all erthy affectes \ & shal lyfte me vp vnto heuenlye thynges. The louer & ỳ thinge that is loued are bothe of one nature. He ỳ loueth bodelye thinges is wordly: but he that loueth spirituall thinges / is spirituall. Geue me a spirite that maye loue the & worshyppe ỳ / the most hye spirite: for god is a spirite and they which worshyp him / muste worshyp him in the spirit & verite. Geue me an vpryghte spirite not seking his owne spirite profyt and glorye / but the wyl and glorye of god renwe an vpryghte spirite within me / renwe it / for my synnes haue quenched the first that thou gaueste me. Geue me nowe a newe spirite that it maye redresse that thynge whiche is inueterate / my soule is also a spyryte and so made of the / that of hyr selfe she is ryghte / for of hyr owne nature she loueth the aboue hyr selfe / and despyeth

all

all thynges for thy glory / so that hir owne na turall loue is ryght / for it cometh of the but of hir owne frowarde wyll it is inueterate & pol luted causyng hir naturall loue to decay. Ma ke newe therfore this spirite & this loue thro ugh thy grace that it maye walke in the right waye accordyng to his nature remue it (I say) that it maye euer enflame me with heuenly loue / that it maye euer cause me to syghe vn to the / to embrace the continually and neuer to forsake the.

Caste me not away from thy face, and thy ho ly ghost take not from me.

Beholde lorde I stande before thy face that I maye fynde mercy / I stonde before thy beni gne goodnes lokynge for thy fauorable answe were / caste me not cōfused from thy face. who came euer lorde vnto the / & wente away confu sed? who euer desyred thy fauour / and wente without it. Surelye thou passeste in thy abou dante pytye bothe the deseruinges / & also the desyres of thē that pray vnto the / for thou gy uest more then men can desyre ye / or vnderstan de whē they haue it. It was neuer herde that thou dydest caste away frome thy face ony mā that euer came vnto the. Shall I oh lorde be the fyrste that shall be caste away frome thy fa ce & vtterly cōfounded? wylt thou begynne at

me

me to cõfounde thē that come vnto the: wylt thou neuer more haue mercye & compassyon: god forbydde. The woman of canane folowed the/she cried and made pyteous noyse/she moued the disciples vnto compassion/& thou hyldest thy peace/ she contynued knockynge/she worshypped the & sayd: Lorde helpe me/neyther yet woldest thou answere. Thy disciples entreated for her sayenge: let her go for she crieth after vs. But what was thyn answer Lorde I praye the/what dydst thou answere: forsoothe that she wepte in vayne & laboureth for nought \ for thou saydst ỳ thou wast not sent but vnto the shepe that were perysshed of the house of Israel. What sholde this woman do when she herde these wordes: verelye euē dyspeyre as cõcernynge the grace that she requyred: & yet dispeyred she not/but trustinge in thy mercye prayed yet agayne sayeng: Lorde helpe me/vnto whose importunite (Lorde) thou answeredst/it is not good to take the chyldrens breede & caste it to houndes/as thoughe thou sholdest haue geuen her a full answere & sayd: departe from me/you Canaanites ar dogges/ ye are Idolatres/the precious gyftes of heuēly fauour perteyne not vnto you/I ought not to take them away from ỳ iewes which worshyp the true & lyuyng god/ & to geue them to

such

such dogges as ye are whiche worshyp ydols & deuyls. What shalt thou now do thou woman of Canaan? thou maiste nowe be a shamed and gette the away/for the lorde is angry not with the alone/but also thy hole nacyon. Oh lorde God/who wolde not have beneco founde & have ppked hym away at these thy wordes? who wolde not have mumbled and grudged agaynst ỹ? who wolde not have iudged the to be cruell? And yet dyd this womã cõtynue styll in prayer. She cast not away hir confydence/she toke not these harde wordes heuelye/she was not angry/but she humbled hir selfe the more & abode styll in hir peticion & sayde with good fyaunce: It is truthe Lorde that thou sayest/but I are no breed/I axe not the fauoure that the chyldrene sholde haue. I am a lytle whelpe & desyre the cromes which fal from the childrens table. Let them storysshe & abounde with myracles & other gracious fauours/but let not me be destitue of this crũme of grace/that my doughter maye be delyuerd from the fendes possessyõ for the whelpes darate of the crummes which fall from their masters tables. Beholde what faythe/what trust and what humylyte was in this woman/ther fore thou not dysplesed with her importunate instaunce\but reioysynge in her excellent

constauncye dydst saye. O woman/ great is thy fayth/ be it vnto the as thou wylte. Why are these thynges wryten lord God? that we may lerne to trust in the/ that we may humbly and deuoutlye contynew in prayer/ for thou wylte geue it yf men be greadye. But the kyngdome of heuen suffereth vyolēce/ and they that make vyolence vnto it/ catche it. for what thynges so euer are wryten are wryten for our lernynge that thrughe pacience & confort of the scryptures we maye haue hope. Caste me not therfore Lorde from thy face/ which stonde wepynge and waylynge daye and nyght hefore thy face/ not that thou sholdest delyuer me frome the bodelye oppressyon of deuylles/ but that thou wylte delyuer my soule frome his spirituall power and dominion. Let me not be shamed (O swete Iesu) for in the onely haue I trusted/ I haue no helthe nor cōfort but in the o Lorde: for all haue forsakē me euen my bretherne and chyldrē haue cast me of/ & myn own bowels abhorre me. I haue none other helper but only ẏ/ Cast me not therfore away from thy face/ and take not thy holye spirite fro me. There is no man which can say ẏ Iesus is the lorde but ẏ holy ghost/ therfore yf I cal vpou the lorde Iesu/ ẏ do I in the holy ghost. Yf I be sorye for my synnes which

are

are passed/ yf I are forgyuenesse/this do I verely by the holy ghoste. Therfore I beseche yt take not fro me thy holye ghoste/ but that it maye be with me/ & labour with me/ for we wote not what to desyre as we ought to do. But the spirite helpeth our infirmities & maketh intercession for vs/that is/maketh vs to praye with suche sorowfull gronynges as can not be expressed with toungue/ therfore take not awaye this thy holye spirite fro me/ that he maye teache me to praye/ & helpe me in my labour & maye cause me to contynue in prayers and teares/ that at the lengthe I may fynde fauoure before thy face/ and maye serue the all dayes of my lyfe.

Make me agayne to reioyse in thy sauynge healthe, and strengthen me with a pryncypall spirite.

It is a great thyng yt I desyre o Lord/ howbeit sith thou art god a great Lorde/ & kynge ouer all goddes/ he dothe the iniurie which asketh small thynges of the. All transitorye & corruptible thynges ar but small in thy syght: but spirituall & euerlastyng thynges are great & precious. Take awaye the spirite & soule fro the bodye/ and what remayneth but most vile dunge/ duste & a vayne shadowe: therfore euen so muche difference there is betwene yt spirite

& the

spirite & the body/as it is betwene the body & his shadowe/so maye I conclude ỳ he whiche asketh bodely thinges asketh but vayne tryfles/but he ỳ desyreth spirituall thinges doth surelye desyre greate thinges/but specially he that desyreth thy sauynge healthe. What is thy sauynge healthe but Jesus thy sonne: whiche is very god & euerlastinge lyfe/why shall I not then aske of the this thy sauyour/syth ỳ art a myghty and most lyberall father/whiche gauest hym vnto the deathe of ỳ crosse for me. Nowe syth thou hast so offered hym for me/why shold I be a shamed to aske hym of the: It is a greate and noble presente/neither am I worthy to haue suche a gyfte/how be it/it becometh thy worthye lyberalite to gyue suche noble gyftes/for this therfore thyne ineffable gentlenes I dare presume to come bodely vnto the & to desyre thy sauynge healthe in whome I myght fully reioyce.

¶ For yf of his carnall father ony sonne aske fyshe/wyll he reache hym a serpente: An yf he aske an egge/wyll he gyue hym a scorpion: or yf he aske breed/wyll he geue hym a stone: Nowe yf carnal fathers beyng euell & synners wyl geue vnto theyr chyldrē good gyftes whiche they haue receyueth of the: howe moche more thou heuenlye father whiche of thyne

stone substaunce arte good / and wylte gene a good spirite to them that desyre it of the: Ge holde thy sonne which is returned from a farre cuntrey sorowyng & repentyng / asketh of the fyshe of faythe / for as the fyshe lyeth secrete vnder the water / euen so is faythe of suche thynges as are not sene / he asketh I say a true fayth that he may reioyse in thy sauyng helth: wylt thou reach hym a serpent: wylt thou geue hym the venome of vnfaythfulnes which procedeth from the olde & croked serpent the deuyll: I desyre of the o Lorde / the egge of hope that euen as out of an egge we hope for a chyken / so thrugh hope / that ꝑ wilte graunte me to come vnto ꝑ syghte of thy sauynge healthe / that oute of my hope maye come this holsome syght / as the chycke doth out of the egge I desire the eghe of hope / that my soule thrugh the hope maye be sustayned in this vale of teares / & may reioyse in thy sauyng helth: wylt ꝑ geue me the scorpyon of desperacyon: that as a scorpyon hath poyson in the ende of her tayle \ so I in the laste ende of my lyfe shulde refer ue synne / delytynge my selfe and takynge my pleasure with the entysemētes of this worlde: whiche seme beautyful and flateryng / euen as a scorpion doth in the face: I desyre of the also (o Lorde) the breed of Christes charyte by the

which he doth communycate hym selfe (euen as
breed) vnto all men / that I maye euer reioyse
in thy sauynge helthe / wylte thou geue me a
stone / that is to saye hardnes of herte? God
forbyd. Why shall I then mystrust for to desy
re and obteyne great thynges of the o Lorde /
seynge thou sturryst me vp & byddest me aske &
knocke / euen tyll I seme importunate? And
what thynge can I aske whiche thou shalt be
better contente with all / or els that sholde be
more holsome for me then that thou sholdest
make me reioyse in thy sonne our sauyng hel-
the? ¶ Now haue I tasted how swete ỳ Lord
is / how easy and pleasaunt his burthen is. I
remembre what peace and tranquylite of myn
de I was in / when I hoped in God / and reioy-
sed in Christe my Lorde and sauyour \ therfore
am I now in more sorowe / for I knowe what
goodnes and commodite I haue loste / ther-
fore wyll I crye more importunatlye: Make
me agayne to reioyse in thy sauyng helth / re-
store me agayne that thyng which my synnes
haue lost. Restore me that whiche / through my
faute is perished in me. Restore me (I beseche
the for his sake that euer is on thy ryghte han
de and maketh intercessyon for vs) thy gra-
cyous fauoure / that I maye perceyue that
throughe hym thou arte pacefyed towardes

me that it may be as a seale vpon my herte / & that I maye saye with the apostle Paule Ga lath. ij. I am crucyfyed with Christ / I lyue verely / yet now not I / but Chryste lyueth in me. But because my frailtye is greate / strēgth me with a principyall spirite that no troubles or af flyccions maye seperate me frome Christe that no feare maye cause me to denye the / & that no paynes maye make me slyde from the. My strength is not sufficient to resyst & fyghte wt that olde serpent & to preuayle agaynst hym. Peter hath taught me how great our infyrmi tye is / he saw the with his bodely iyes (Lord Jesu) & was moste familiarlye conuersaunt wt the / he tasted of thy glorye in the mountayne whē thou wast transfygured: he herde the fa thers voyce: he sawe thy manyfolde and won drous workes / yea & throughe thy power dyd hym selfe manye myracles. He walked on his feate vpon ỹ waters / & herde dayly thy myghty & swete wordes: he thought hym selfe most feruent & hote in the fayth / & sayde ỹ he was ready to go with the / both in to prison & vnto very death. And when thou toldest hym that he sholde denye ỹ he beleued the not: he trusted in his owne strength / & trusted more vnto hym selfe beynge but a man / then vnto the beynge very god. But when the hande mayden

sayde

sayde vnto hym. Thou art of the same compa
nye/he was afrayde by & by & denyet it. There
came an other mayde & sayde: Surely ỹ art of
the same sorte: And he denyed the agayne.
¶ He coude not stonde before wemen/ how
sholde he then haue stonde before kynges & ty
rauntes? And whē he was yet ones more en-
quyred of the bystanders/ & was accused to be
one of his disyples/he began to curse & to swe-
re that he knewe the not/ what thynke you
he sayde I suppose that he sware by god & by
the lawe of Moyses that he knewe the not/
addynge such wordes. Thinke you that I am
the disyple of this Samaritane/which decey
ueth the people/whiche is inspireth with the
deuyll/ & destroyeth our lawe? I am the disy-
ple of Moyses/and knowe not frome whence
this felowe is. Blyssed be God that they ce-
sed enquyring any further/ for els wold he ne
uer haue ceased denyenge the/so that a thou-
sande interogacyōs wolde haue made a thou-
sande flatte negacyons: yea a thousande curses
& periuryes/yet were these interogacyons but
wordes. What wolde he haue done (I praye
the) yf they had scourged hym & buffeted hym
well? Truly he wolde haue sought & proued
all meanes/denyenge/ forswerynge/ cursyng
& blasphemyng vntyll ỹ he had escaped theyr

handes. But thou most meke Lorde lokedst backe vpon hym & by & by he knowleged his offence: Neyther yet durste he leape in to the myddes of theym & cõfesse the to be the sonne of God / for he was not yet strengthed with power from aboue / so that without doubte he wolde haue denyed the agayne yf he had sene ony reoperdye at hãde / therfore as it was moste mete for hym / he went forth and wepte bytterly. But thou after thy resurrecciõ appearedst vnto hym & confortedst hym / & yet hyd he hym selfe for feare of the Jewes / he sawe the so gloryously ascendyng vnto heuen / and was strengthed by the spyghte & cõfort of angelles / & yet durste he not go abrode / for he had learned by experience to knowe his owne fragylite / & had proued his weakenesse. Therfore dyd he tarye & wayte for the holy ghost which was promysed. When he was come and had fylled Peters herte with grace / then lepte he forthe / then began he to speake / & then with great power & signes bare he wytnes of thy resurrection. Then feared he neyther the hye preestes nether yet kynges / but reioysed in tribulacions / & receyued ỹ crosse with all myrthe & gladnes. Therfore strengthẽ me Lorde with a pryncipal spirit / ỹ I may contynually reioyse in thy sauyng helthe / or els can I not beare so

many

manye assautes agaynst me. The fleshe coue-
teth contrarye to the spirite. The worlde as-
sayleth me on euery syde. The deuyll slepeth
not. Geue me the strēghte of thy spirit ẏ the-
re maye fall by my syde a thousande and tenne
thousande by my ryghte hande that I may be
a sure & stronge wytnesse of thy faythe/ for yf
Peter whoin ẏ enduedste with so many fauou
rable gyftes/ did fal so wretchedlye/ what shol
de I do/ o Lorde/ which haue nether sene thy
naturall presens: nether haue tastede of thy
glory in the mountayne: nether haue sene thy
gracyous myracles: yea and haue scarsely per
ceyued thy meruelous workes/ and haue ne-
uer herde thy voyce/ but haue bene euer sub-
dued vnder synne/ therfore strength me with
a pryncipall spirite that I may perseuer in thy
seruyce/ & geue my lyfe for thy sake.

I wyll instructe the wycked that they maye
knowe thy wayes, and the vngodly shall be con
uerted vnto the.

¶ Ascribe not this oh Lorde vnto presumsion
yf I go aboute to teache the vngodly thy way-
es/ for I desyre not to teache them as I nowe
am wycked/ vngodlye/ & vnder the bondes of
synne/ but yf ẏ make me agayne to reioyse in
thy sauynge healthe: yf thou strengthē me w
a pryncipall spirite: & yf also thou sette me free

then shall I teach ẏ vngodlye thy wayes. Ney
ther is this harde vnto the/whiche of very sto
nes canst rayse vp chyldren vnto Abrahā/ ney
ther can my synnes be impedimēt vnto the yf
thou wylte do this/ bnt rather where synne
is so aboundaūte/there aboundeth grace Pau
le yet brethynge out threarnynges & slaugh-
ter agaynste the discyples of the Lorde recey-
ued cōmyssion that yf he founde ony whether
they were men or women whiche folowed ẏ/
& professed thy fayth/ he sholde brynge thē pre
soners to Hierusalem. And forthe was he go-
ynge lyke a mad harebrayn and as rauenynge
wolfe/for to stray a brode/ rauysh and kyll thy
shepe. But whylles he was yet in his iourney
euen in ẏ heate of his persecucyō/ & in actuall
doynge of his synne/ whyles he was persecu-
tynge the/ & wolde haue slayne thy chosen/ ha
uyng no maner of preparatyue vnto grace/nei
ther yet knowlege of his synne/when wherr
& wyll he was thyne aduersarie/ blasphemed
& cursed the. Beholde the voyce of thy merci-
able pytye vnto hym sayenge: Saule Saule/
why persecuteste me? by the whiche voyce he
was immediatlye bothe layed a longe & raysed
vp: he was layde a longe & ouerthrowne as cō
ceruyng his body/but he was raysed vp with
the mynd/thou raysedste hym vp that was in
the

the slepe of darke ignorañcie & pouredst in thy
gloryous lyght in those yeis/ which were op-
pressed with this blinde sleape: thou shewedst
hym thy fauourable face/ & endued hym with
thy gracyous mercye. Then was he reysed as
it had bene frome dethe/ he opened his yeis/
he sawe the & sayd: Lord what wylt thou that
I do? and after didest thou send a shepe to this
wolfe/ for thou cōmaundest Ananias to go vn
to hym. And then was he baptysed & anoue
was he replenyshed with the holy ghost/ and
was made a chosen vessell to beare thy name
before kyuges/ nations/ & the chyldrē of Israel.
And without delaye he entred in to the syna-
goges & preached thy name stoutlye/ affirmyn
ge that thou arte chryste/ he dysputed/ preuay
led/ & confounded the Iues. Beholde Lorde
euen streyght of a persecutoure/ thou madest
hym a preacher & suche a preacher that labou-
red more then all the other Apostles. O how
greate is thy powere/ yf thou wylt of a wyc-
ked man make a rightwyse/ or of a persecutou
re a preacher/ who shall forbyd the? who shall
resyst the? who maye saye vnto the: why doest
thou so? All thynges that thou woldest haue
thou made in heuen & in erthe/ in the see & in
all bottomlesse depth. Therfore impute it not
to arrogācye yf I coueyte thrughe thy power
& not

and not thrugh myne owne to teche the wyc
ked thy wayes / for I knowe that I can offre
nothynge whiche can be so acceptable in thy
godly syghte/this is the most pleasaunt sacry-
fyce/& also for my singuler profyt/now yf thou
chaūgeme in to an other man/then wyl I tea
the the wycked thy wayes/not the wayes of
Plato & Aristole/not the intrycate & sotle pro
posicyons of mannes wytte/nor ỹ instructions
of phylosophye / not the paynted wordes and
vayne coulours of the rethorycās. Not worldly
maters and policyes/not vnfrutfull wayes
of vanite/not wayes that leade men in to dea
the: But thy wayes and thy preceptes which
lead vnto lyfe/ nether wyll I teache them on-
ly one waye but manye wayes / for manye are
thy cōmaundementes/ how be it all these way
es ende in one/that is in loue and charite/whi
che doth so cōbynde the saythful hertes/ that
they haue one mynde and one wyll in God.
Or elles maye we vnderstonde by thy manye
wayes/the dyuers maner of lyuynge/ wherin
euery man walketh accordynge to his vocacy-
on: some maryed/ some lyuynge chaste in wi-
dowhod/some vyrgyns/& so forth/these walk
ke after dyuerse wayes in to theyr heuenly in-
herytaūce/euery man chosyng one in the whi
che he may best subdue his rebellyous mēbres

Thus

Thus wyll I teache the wycked thy wayes/ accordyng to theyr capacyte & condicyon. And the vngodlye shall be conuerted vnto the/ for I wyll preache vnto theym not my selfe / but Chryst crucifyed: & they shall be conuerted not vnto my prayse/ but vnto the / geuyng the all honour & prayse/ they shall leaue theyr owne wayes & come vnto thyne/ ỳ they may walke in them & so cõsequently attayne vnto the.

Delyuer me frome bloudes, oh God, the God of my healthe, and my tongue shall tryumphe vpon the ryghtwysnes.

I am styfled in moch bloude/ and frome the depth of it shall I crye vnto the Lorde/ Lorde herken vnto my voyce. Tarye not Lorde for I am euen at the veryc poynte of deathe / this bloude that I speake of ar my synnes/ for as ỳ bodelye lyfe consystethin bloude/ euẽ so is the lyfe of a synner in his synne: poure out ỳ bloude/ and the beaste dyeth: poure out the synne knowlegynge it vnto god/ & the synner dyeth and is made ryghtwyse. Neyther am I wrapped in bloude: but ouerwhelmed and drowned in bloudes/ full stremes of bloud; do dryue me into hell/ helpe me Lorde ieste I perysshe. Oh god whiche gouernest all thinges/ which onely canst delyuer me: in whose hande is ỳ spirite of all lyfe/ ryd & purge me from these bloudes

Dely

Delyuer me from bloudes (oh God) the auctor of my healthe/ God in whome onelye cõsysteth my saluacyon. Delyuer me Lorde/as ẏ delyueredst Noe from the waters of ẏ floude. Delyuer me as thou delyueredst Lothe frome the fyer of Sodom. Delyuer me as thou delyueredst the chyldrẽ of Israel frome the depthe of the red see. Delyuer me as thou delyuerdst Jonas frõ the bely of the whale. Delyuer me as thou delyueredst the thre chyldrẽ from the furnace of burnynge fyer. Dylyuer me as thou delyueredst Peter frome the peryll of the see. Delyuer me as thou delyueredst Paule from the depthe of the see. Delyuer me as ẏ hast delyuered infinyte synners frõ the power of deathe/ & from the gates of hell. And then shall my tongue tryũphe thy ryghtwysnes/that is/ for thy ryghtwysnes whiche I shall feale and perceyue in me through thy gracyous fauour. For thy ryghtwysnes (as Thapostle saythe Ro.iij.) cometh by the faythe of Jesus Christe vnto all & vpon all them that beleue in hym/ then shall my tongue tryumphe in praysynge this thy ryghtwysnes/cõmendynge thy fauoure/magnyfieng thy pyty/knowlegynge my synnes/ẏ thy mercy may be declared in me which wold vouchsafe to iustefye suche a greate synner/and that al men may knowe that thou sa

uest

uest them which truste in the/ & delyuerest thē from extreme anguysshe & aduersyte O Lorde our God.

Lorde open thou my lyppes, and then my mouth shall shewe forthe thy prayse.

¶ Thy prayse is a great thynge o Lord/ for it proceadeth out of thy fountayne wherof no synner drynketh. It is no glorious prayse that cometh of a synners mouthe\ delyuer me therfore from bloude (oh Lorde) ẏ god of my helte & my tongue shall magnifye thy rygh twysnes. And then shalte thou Lorde open my lyppes & my mouth shall shewe forthe thy prayse / for thou hast ẏ kaye of Dauid whiche shettest and no man openeth/ & openest & no man shetteth: therfore opē thou my lyppes as thou openest the mouthes of infantes & sucktlynges/ out of whose mouthes ẏ hast stablysshed thy prayse. These truely were thy Prophetes/ Apostles/ & other sayntes/ which haue praysed the with a syngle & pure herte & mouth/ & not the Philosophers & Oratours/ which haue sayde/ we wyl magnifie our tongue/ our lyppes be in our owne power/ who is our god? They opened theyr owne mouthes/ & thou openedst them not/ neyther yet stablysshedst thy prayse out of theyr mouthes. Thy infauutes Lorde praysed the & despysed them selues. The philosophers

phers went aboute to prayse them selues and magnifye theyr owne name. Thy suckelynges extolled thy fame & glorye whiche they knew through heuenlye fauour. The philosophers knowyng the only by naturall creatures/ coulde neuer perfectlye expresse thy renowne. Thy sayntes magnifyed the with theyr hert/ mouth/ and good workes. The phylosophers only with wordes and theyr owen sotle imaginacyons/ Thy chyldren haue spred thy glorye throughout all the world. The philosophers haue instruct but a few of theyr owen adherentes. Thy frendes with spredynge thy glorye haue cõuerted innumerable men from synne vnto vertue and vnto true felicyte: The philosophers nether knewe true vertues/ neyther yet true felycyte. Thy welbeloued haue preached openlye thy bounteous gentienes & mercyable fauoure/ whiche thou shewedst in thy deare sonne vnto all the worlde. But the philosophers coulde neuer attayne to knowe it. Therfore out of the mouthe of infauntes and suckelynges hast thou stablysched thy prayse for it haue euer pleased the to exalte the humble and bryngе lowe the proude/ now seynge thou dost euer resyst the proude/ geue me true humilite that thou mayste stablysche thy prayse by my mouth. Geue me a chyldes herte/ for

excepte I turne backe & become as a chylde/ I can not entre in to the kyngdome of heuen / make me as one of thy infauntes or suckelyn-ges/ that I mane euer hange on the teates of thy wysdome for thy teates are better thē wyne/ and thy wysdome better then all ryches/ so that nothynge can be compared vnto it/ for it is to men an infynite treasure whiche they that vse are made pertetakers of the frēdshyp of god: therfore yf thou make me a chylde/ thē shalt thou stablysche thy prayse in my mouth. for then shalte ỹ open my lyppes/ & my mouth shall shewe forth thy prayse/ & shal pfeytly declare it euē as thou hast publyshed it by ỹ mouth of thyne infantes & suchelinges. Yf thou hadst delyred sacrifyces I had surely offered them/ but thou delyghtedst not in brente sacrifyces. ¶ My mouth Lorde shall shewe forth thy glorious fame/ for I knowe ỹ this thyng is moste accebtable vnto the syth thou sayest by ỹ Prophet Psal. xlix. that sacrifyce of prayse shal glorifye me/ & by that meanes shal I be entised to shew hym my sauyng helth/ therfore wyll I offer prayse vnto the euen ỹ prayse of infauntes & suckelynges for my synnes. And why shall I offer for my synnes rather prayse thē sacrifyce: for yf thou haddest delyred sacrifyces I had surely offred them/ but ỹ delyghtest not in brēte

sacryfi

sacrifyces/canst thou be pacefyed with ẏ blou-
de of calues or gootes? Wylt thou eate the
fleshe of bulles or drynke the bloude of goots?
Other dost thou desyre golde which possessest
heuen & earthe? other wylt thou that I sacry
fyce my body vnto the whiche desyrest not the
deathe of a synner/but rather that he were cō
uerted and lyue? Neuerthelesse I wyll chasten
my fleshe in a measure that through thy grace
it maye be subdued vnto reason & obey it/for
in this poynt also yf I passe measure & brynge
my body so lowe that it is vnapte to serue my
neyghboure/& to do that offyce whiche is a-
poynted me of God/it shall be imputed vnto
me for synne. Let your seruynge of God be re-
sonable/sayth the Apostle Ro.xij. And thou
haste sayde also by ẏ prophete: I requyre mer-
cy & no sacryfice. Osee.vi. Therfore shall my
mouthe shewe forth thy prayse/for this obla-
cyon doth honour the/& sheweth vs the way
vnto thy sauyng helth. My herte is ready\o
god/my hert is ready/it is ready through thy
grace to do all thyngs whiche are plesaunt vn
to the: this one thynge haue I founde most ac
ceptable vnto the/that wyll I offer vnto the/
that shall euer be in my herte/on that shal my
lyppes euer be harpynge/yf thou haddest desy
red a bodely sacryfice/I wolde surely haue ge
uen

uē it the/for my herte is readye through thy grace to fulfyll thy wyll: but in suche brente sacrifyce haste ẏ no delyght/thou madest the body for ẏ spirit/therfore seakest thou spirituall thynges & not bodelye/for thou sayste in a certeyne place Prouer.xxiij. My sonne geue thine herte vnto me/this is ẏ herte ẏ pleaseth ẏ. Let vs offer vnto ẏ an herte repētyng wsorow of our synnes/& enflamed with ẏ loue of heuēlye thinges: & then wilte thou desyre no more/for with suche a sacrifyce wylt ẏ be content.

A sacrifyce to god is a broken spyrite, a contryte and humble hert thou shalte not despyse oh god.

¶ A broken spyrite & not broken fleshe pleaseth the/o Lorde/for ẏ fleshe is broken & vexed because he hath not the carnall thynges that he desyreth / or els fealeth in hym selfe suche thynges as he hateth. But the spyrite is broken & vnquieted for his faute/because he hath offended agaynst god whom he loueth. He soroweth ẏ he hathe synned agaynst his maker & redemer / that he hath despysed his bloude/ that he hathe not regarded suche a good and louynge father: this brokē & sorowynge spryte is vnto the a sacrifyce of most swete sauoure/ whiche notwithstondyng hathe his cōfeccyon of most bytter spyces/euē of ẏ remēbraunce of our synnes for whiles our sinnes are gathered

togyther in to the morter of the herte/ & beate
with the peſtle of compunccyon / & made in to
poudre & watered with teares/therof is made
an ointemente & ſacrifyce moſt ſwete which re
dolent offrynge ꝯ wylt not deſpyſe/ for ꝯ wylt
not deſpyſe a cõtryte & humble herte. Therfo
re he that breaketh his ſtonye herte which is
made with the moſt harde ſtones of ſinne/ ꝯ he
maye therof prepare an ointmente of repen-
taunce in aboundaũce of teares/not deſpayrin
ge of the multitude & greuouſnes of his ſynnes
but humblye offerynge this ſacifyce vnto the
he ſhall in no wyſe be deſpyſed of the/ for a bro
ken & humble hert wylt ꝯ not deſpiſe oh god.
Marye Magdalyn whiche was a notable ſyn
ner made ſuche an ointment: & put it in ꝯ alla-
blaſter boxe of her herte: ſhe feared not to en-
tre in to ꝯ Phareſees houſe/ ſhe humbled her
ſelfe flatte before thy fete/ ſhe was not a ſha-
med to wepe at thy meletyde / ſhe couldе not
ſpeake for inwarde ſorowe/ but her herte mel-
ted in to teares with ꝯ whiche ſhe waſhed thy
fete/ ſhe wyppd them with her here immediat
lye/ ye & anoynted theym w ointment & ceaſed
not kyſſynge them. Who euer ſawe ſuche a
nother thyng: ye or who hath euer herde of a
thynge lyke vnto this? Surely her ſacrifyce
pleaſed the wel/ & was ſo acceptable that ꝯ pre
ſarr-

latredst it aboue ỳ Pharise/ which in his owne syght was rygh twyse/ for it may be gathered of thy wordes Luce.vij. that there was so moch difference betwen ỳ righ twysnes of marye & the phareisee as there was differencebetwene these: to washe ỳ fete with water/ & to washe them with teares: to kysse one on ỳ face & not to cease to kysse the fete: to anoynt ỳ hed with olye/ & to anoynt the fete with most precyous oyntment: ye moche more precelled the ỳ phareisee/ for he neither gaue ỳ water/ kysse/ nor oyle. O grete is thy power Lorde/ grete is thy myght/ which declareth it selfe most chefye in sparynge ỳ haupnge compassion. Now se I well that a contryte ỳ meke herte ỳ shalt not despyse oh Lord. And therfore endeuoure I my selfe to offre suche an herte vnto the. Nether is it ynough that I say so outwardely/ for thou arte a god whiche searchest our hertes ỳ taynes. Accepte therfore this my sacrifyce: ỳ if it be unperfyte/ amẽde thou ỳ defaulte which onely arte of power that to do: that it may be a brent sacrifyce/ al hole enflamed with ỳ heate of thy bounteous cheryte/ ỳ it may be acceptable vnto ỳ/ or at the leest that thou despise it not/ for yf thou despyse it not/ I know wel ỳ I shal fynde fauour before ỳ/ ỳ then shal none of thy saintes other in heauẽ or errthe despise me.

Deale gentlye of thy fauourable benevolence with Syon, Let the walles of Hierusalem be bylte agayne.

¶ Be cause it is wrete Psal. xviij. vnto ỳ holy man thou shalte be holy / & with the innocent shalte thou deale innocentye / with the pure & chosen shalte thou doo pureiye / & with ỳ wycked shalt thou playe ouertwarte: I am verye desyrous ỳ all men were saued / & that they shold come vnto the knowlege of ỳ truth: which thynge were very necessarye for thē / & also for my profyte / for by theyr prayers / exortacyōs / & examples I myght ryse frō this fylthye synne & be prouoked dayiye to procede vnto better. I beseche the therfore / oh Lorde / although I be a synner / that thou of thy fauourable benevolence woldest deale gentiye with syon: that the walles of hierusalē myght be bylt agayn. Syon is thy chyrch / for syon by interpretacyō signifyeth a tootehyll or a place where a man may se farre aboute him. And euen so thy chyrche thrughe ỳ grace of ỳ holy ghost beholdeth a farre of ỳ glorye of god accordyng to ỳ capacyte of this lyfe: & therfore sayed ỳ apostle. ij. Corin. iij. all we w an vncouered face beholdyng as in a glasse ỳ glorye of ỳ lorde / after the same ymage ar transformed from glorye to glorye / as by the sprete of the lorde.

Lorde

O Lorde god howe small is thy Chyrche at this daye: almost the hole worlde is falle frome the/for there are manye mo myscreauntes then chrystē/& yet amonge the chrystē how many are there which forsake worldly thynges & seke the glorye of the lorde: surely ye shall fynde very fewe/in comparyson of theym which are addycte to worldye thynges/whose god is theyr belye & glorye to theyr shame & cōfusion: Deale gentlye Lorde of thy fauourable beneuolence with Syon/that it may be encreased bothe in multytude & also in good liuyng. Beholde frome heauē & deale gentlye as thou arte wonte to do: that thou wylt sende amonge vs the fyer of thy charyte/whiche maye cōsume all our synnes. Deale Lorde accordynge to thy fauourable beneuolence/& do not with vs after our deseruynge/nether yelde thou vs agayne accordynge to our iniquytyes/but ordre vs accordynge to thy greate mercye.

Thou art Lorde our father & redemer/thou art our hope and euerlastynge helthe. Euery man desyreth goodnes of the/yf thou geue it them/then shall they gather it: yf thou open thy hande/all shall be fylled with plenty: when thou turnest awaye thy face/ten are they astonyed: when thou gatherest in theyr breth/ thenare they dead and returne in to erthe.

And agayne when ẏ brethedst on them/ then are they created anew: & thus renuest thou ẏ face of the earth. Pal.c.iiij. Lorde I praye the what profyt is there in ẏ dampnacyō of so many thousande men? Hell is fylled & thy church doth dayly decrease. Aryse Lorde/ why slepest thou so longe? aryse/ & dyffer not vnto ẏ ende. Deale gently of thy fauourable beneuolēce w̄ Syō/ that the walles of Jerusalē may be buylded agayne/ what is Jerusalē (whiche by interpretacyon signifyeth the visyon of peace) but ẏ holye cōgregacyon & cytye of the blessed whiche is our mother? Her walles were decayed whē Lucyfer with his aungels fell/ in to whose places are ẏ ryghtwyse men receyued. Deale therfore gently (oh Lorde) with Syon/ that the numbre of thy chosen may shortlye be fulfylled/ & that ẏ walles of Jerusalē may be edefyed & fynisshed with newe stones whiche shal euer prayse the & endure euerlastynglye.

Then shalte thou accepte the sacrifyce of ryghtwysnes, oblacyons & brente offerynges, thē shall they laye vpon thyne altare wanton calues.

¶ When thou haste delt gentlye of thy fauourable wyll & beueuolence w̄ Syon/ then shalte thou accepte ẏ sacrifyce of ryghtwysnes/ for ẏ shalte consume it with burnyng fyer of thy loue & charite/ & so acceptedst thou the sacrifices

of Moy

of Moyses & Helyas. And then acceptest thou ỹ sacrifyces of ryghtwysnes/when thou fattenest with thy grace the soules whiche endeuoure them selues to lyue ryghtwysly. what pro fyteth to offer sacrifyces vnto the when thou acceptest them not oh Lorde? Howe manye sacrifyces offer we nowe a dayes which are not pleasaunt vnto the/but rather abhomynable? for we offre not the sacrifyces of ryghtwisnes but oure owne ceremonyes: and therfore are they not accepted/nor regarded of the. Wher is nowe ỹ glorie of ỹ Apostles? where is the vayaunt perseuerauuce of martyrs? where is ỹ frute of preachers? wher is that holye symplicyte of them that vsed to lyue solitarye? wher are nowe the vertues & workes of ỹ chrysten whiche were in olde tyme? Then shalt thou excepte theyr sacrifyces\whē thou shalt decke & garnysshe them with thy grace & vertues.

¶ Also yf thou deale gently with Syon of thy sauourable beneuolence/then shalte thou delyght in sacrifyces of righteousnes/for ỹ people shal begynne to lyue wel/to kepe thy cōmaundementes/& to deale iustlye/& so shall thy people be endued with thy benefytes & blessynge. Then shall the oblacyons of ỹ preestes & of ỹ clargie be acceptable vnto the/for they shall forsake they carnall affeccion & endeuoure them-

selues vnto a more perfeyte lyfe/ & so shall the oyntment of thy blyssinge descende vpon their heades. Then shal ẏ brente offeryngeſ of the religyous be pleasaunte to the / for they shall cast out all drousye sluggyshnes & false confydē ce/ & be hooly enflamed & made perfayte with the burnyng fyer of goddes loue. Then shall ẏ bysshoppes & preathers put calues vpon thyn altare/for after they ar cōsummate in all kynd of vertue/ & replenysshed with thy holy spirite: thei shal not feare to geue theyr lyues for their sheepe. What is thyne altare swete Iesu/but thy crosse/where vpon ẏ wast offered? What signifyeth a wantō calfe/but our bodye? Therfore/ thē shall they put calues on thyne altare when they shall offer theyr owne bodyes vnto the crosse that is/vnto all afflyccions/ & euen vnto the verye deathe for thy names sake.

¶ Then shall the chyrche floryshe and dylate her coostes/ thē shall thy prayse be noysed frō the laste ende of the worlde / then shall ioye & gladnes fulfyll the hole worlde. Then shall thy sayntes reioyce in glorye & shall make myrthe in theyr mancyons waytinge for vs in the londe of ẏ lyuynge. Accomplyshe in me euen nowe Lorde that/then/whiche I so ofte name that thou mayste haue cōpassion on me accordyng to thy greatmercy/ẏ thou mayst receyue

me

me for a sacrifyce of ryghtwysnes/ for a holy oblacyon/ for a brente sacrifyce of good lyuynge/ & for a calfe to be offered on thyne altare or crosse/ by the which I maye passe from this vale of myserye vnto that ioye whiche ỳ hast prepared for them that loue ỳ.

A M E N.

¶ A deuout short prayer to Jesus.

JEsu Lord that madest me
And wt thi blessed blood hast me bought
Forgyue that I hane greued the
With word & wyll and also with thought
Jesu in whomme is all my trust
That dyedest vpon the rood tre
With drawe my from filthy lust
And from all worldly vanyte
Jesu for thy wordis smart
On thy feet and hondis two
Mak me meke and low of hart
And the to loue as I shold do
Jesu for that bytter wound
That went vnto thy hart roote
For syn that hath myn hart bound
Thy blood therto be my boote
Jesu Cryst vnto the I call
That art god full of myght
Kepe me clene that I do not fall
In dedly syn both day and nyght. Amen.

¶ The Pater noster / spoke of the Synner \ God answerynge hym at euery peticyon.

¶ The synner.

Oure father whiche arte in heuen / what a great space is betwene the & vs? Howe therfore shall we thy children here on erthe / banished & exyled from the in this vale of mysery & wretchednesse / come home to the into our naturall countrey. ¶ God

¶ The chylde honoureth his father & the seruaũt his maister. If I be your father / where is myne honour? If I be your lorde / where is my feare? Malachias. i. For my name thorowe you and by your meanes is blasphemed / rayled vpon / and euyll spoken of. Esaias. lij.

¶ The synner.

¶ Helas o father that is truth / we knowlege our synne & trespace / neuertheles yet be thou a mercifull father / & dele nat with vs accordinge to our descrypynges / neither iuge vs by the rygorousnesse of thy lawe / but gyue vs grace þ we maye so lyue / that thy holy name maye be halowed & sanctifyed in vs. And kepe oure hertes that we neither do nor speake / no that we nat ones thinke our purpose any thynge / but that whiche is to thine honour & prayse / & avoue

aboue all thynges make thy name & honour to be sought of vs/ & nat our own name & vaine glorie. and of thy myghty power bringe to passe in vs that we maye loue and feare the/as a sonne his father. ¶ God

¶ How can myne honour & name be halowed amonge you/whan your hertes & thoughtes are all wayes enclyned to euyll/and ye in bondage and captiuyte vnder synne: moreouer seynge that no man can synge my laude & prayse in a straunge countrey. Psal. cxxxvi.

¶ The synner.

¶ O father that is truthe/we fele our membres / ye/ & also the very hertes of vs prone & redy to synne/ & that the worlde/the flesshe/ & the deuyll/ rule in vs & expell the dewe honoure of thyne holye name. wherfore we beseche the moste mercifull father/ for the loue that ỳ hast vnto thy sonne Thryste/ helpe vs out of this miserable bondage/ & let thy kyngdome come to dryue out the synne / to lose the bondes of Sathan\ to tame the flesh/ to make vs ryghtuouse & parfeyte/ & to cleue vnto ỳ that thou only maiste raygne in vs/ & that we may be thy kyngdome & possession/ & the obey with all our power & strength / bothe within and without. ¶ God

¶ Whom I helpe/them I distroye. And who
I ma

I make lyuynge/ſafe/riche/and good: them I kyll/condempne/and caſt them awaye/ make theym beggers/& brynge thē to nought. But ſo to be cured of me ye wyll nat ſuffre. Pſalm. lxxvñ. Howe than ſhall I hele you/ye/& what can I do more? Eſaias.v. ¶ The ſymner.

¶ That is to vs great ſorow and grefe/that we can neither vnderſtande nor ſuffre thy holſom hande/wherfore helpe dere father/ open our eyes/& worke pacīēce in vs/that we may vnderſtande thy holeſom hande/& alſo patiently ſuffre thy godly wyll to be fulfylled in vs. Furthermore/though thy moſt holeſome cure be neuer ſo paynfull vnto vs/yet go forwarde therwith/punyſche/bete/cutte/ burne/deſtroy/bringe to nought dāpne/caſt downe vnto hell/& do what ſo euer ỹ wylt that thy wyl onely may be fulfylled & nat ours. Forbydde dere father/and in no wyſe ſuffer vs to folow our owne good thoughtes & ymagynacions/ neither to proſecute our owne wyll/meaning & purpoſe. For thy wyll & ours ar clene contrary one to the other/thyne only good/though it otherwyſe appere vnto our blynde reaſon & our euyll/ though our blyndneſſe ſe it nat.

¶ God.

¶ I am well ſerued & deite with all that men loue me with theyr lyppes/& theyr hertes are far-

farre fro me/ ⁊ whan I take them in hande to make thē better & to amende them/ thā ronne they bakwarde/ & in the middes of theyr cure while their helth is a workyng/ they withdra we them selues fro me/ as ÿ redest Psal. lxxvij Conuersi sunt in die belli. They ar tourned backe in ÿ daye of battayle. That is to saye/ they which began well/ & cōmitted thē selues vnto me/ ÿ I shulde take them in hande & cure thē/ are gone backe fro me in tyme of temptacyō/ & kyllyng of ÿ flesshe/ ⁊ are retourned to synne ⁊ vnto dishonouryng of me agayn. ¶ The syñer

¶ O father it is true/ no man can be stronge in his owne strenght/ in the. ij. chapyter of the first of the kynges. ye/ ⁊ who is able to suffre ⁊ a byde before thyne hande/ yf thou thy selfe strength ⁊ conforte vs nat: wherfore most mercyfull father take vs vnto thy cure\ fulfyll thy wyll in vs/ that we may be thy kyngdome ⁊ inherytaunce vnto thy laude ⁊ praysynge.

Also dere father/ strength & confort vs in such busynes with thy holy worde. Gyue vs oure dayly bred/ graue & prynte thy dere soñe Jesus in our hertes/ that we strēgthed thorow hym maye cherefully/ and gladly suffer and endure the distroyenge and kyllynge of our wyll/ and the fulfyllyng of thy wyll/ ye/ & shede out thy grace vpon all chrystente/ and sende lerned

pre-

prestes & prechers to teach vs thy sonne Jesus purely/ & to fede vs with the worde of thy holy gospell/ & nat with the dregges & chaffe of fables & mens doctryne. ¶ God.

¶ It is nat good to cast perles before swyne neyther to gyue holy thynges/ & the chyldrens bred vnto the dogges & houndes. ye synne contynually without ceassyng/ & though I let my worde be preached amōge you neuer so moch/ yet ye folow nat neither obey/ but dispyse it.

¶ The synner.

¶ O father haue mercy on vs/ and denye vs nat that bred of loue/ it greueth vs sore/ euē at the very herte rotes of vs/ that we can nat fulfyll thy worde & folowe it. We desyre the therfore to haue pacyence with vs thy poore & wretched chyldrē/ & to forgyue vs our trespace and gylt/ & iuge vs nat after thy lawe/ for no man is ryghtuous in thy presence. Loke on thy promyses/ we forgyue oure trespacers/ & that with all our hertes/ and vnto suche hast thou promysed forgyuenes/ nat that we thorowe such forgyuenesse ar worthy of thy forgyuenesse/ but that thou arte trewe/ & of thy grace & mercy hast promysed forgynes vnto all them that forgyue theyr neyghbours/ in this thy promyse therfore is all our hope & truste.

¶ God

spoken of the synner.

¶ I forgyue you ofte/ and loose you ofte/ & ye neuer abyde stedfaste/ chyldren of lytle fayth are ye/ ye can nat watche & endure with me a lytle whyle/ but attones fall agayne into temptation. Math. in the .xxvi. chapter.

¶ The synner.

¶ Weake are we o father/ & feble/ & the temptacyon great and manyfolde in the flesh & in the worlde. Kepe vs father with thy mightye power/ & let vs nat fall in to temptacyon and synne agayne: but gyue vs grace that we maye abyde standyng/ & fyght mankully vnto ỹ ende for without thy grace we can do nothynge.

¶ God.

¶ I am ryghtuous & ryght is my iudgemēt/ and therfore synne may nat be vnpunisshed/ ye and ye must suffre euyll & affliccyon/ & astouchynge that ye haue temptacyon therby/ that is your synnes faute only/ whiche compelleth me ther vnto/ to kyll it & to heale you. For synne can wyth none other medicyne be drawen out of you/ but thorowe aduersyte & suffrynge of euyll.

¶ The synner.

¶ For as moch than as aduersyte/ trybulacyon/ affliccion & euyll/ whiche fyghte agaynst synne/ gyue vs temptacyon/ delyuer vs out of theim/ fynisshe thy cure/ & make vs thorow hole/ that we ioyed from synne & euyll/ maye be

vnto

vnto the a kyngdome/to laude/to prayse/ & to sanctify the. Amen.

¶ And seynge thou hast taught vs thus to praye/ & hast promysed also to here vs/ we hope & are sure that ẏ wylt graciously & mercifully graunte vs our peticyons for thy verites sake/ & to ẏ honouryngе of thy truth. Amen.

¶ Fynally some man wyl saye happely/ what & yf I can nat beleue that my prayer is herde. I answere. Than do as the father of ẏ possessed dyd in ẏ. ix. of Mark. whan Christ sayd vnto hym. Yf thou couldest beleue/ all thynges are possyble vnto hym that beleueth. The father answere t: I belene lorde helpe myne vnbelefe That is to say: hele myne vnbelefe/ & gyue me perfyte belefe/ & strength the weaknesse of my fayth & encrease it. A M E N.

¶ A prayer for the Kynge, and the quene.

O lord god which art ẏ very hye imperiall protector of al crysten realmys I humbly beseche the of thy pytefull mercy to enlumyne our kyng N & his cōnsell/ with thy most holy spryt of grace/ sapīce/ & of vnderstōding: & to p̄serue hī therin & his quene w̄ their successyō: & also lord/ to p̄serue both hī/ & vs: trough thy incōperable ꝓuydēs tryūphātly to ouer come theyr enymes ghostly & carnall/ so ẏ they may by the: execute iustyce: & maītene ẏ truth: whiche art lord god our dayly food & cōforte. Am̄.